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gravely judged by the unawed truth tellers of the next generation.

Two more very important meetings in furtherance of the cause of peace are to be held in the United States this year, both of an international scope. At St. Louis, while the great exhibition is open, there will be a meeting of the Interparliamentary Union composed of members of the parliaments of nearly every civilized people. This organization began in a modest way in Paris in 1888, and has held successive sessions in Paris, London, Rome, Berne, The Hague, Brussels, Budapest, Christiania, and Vienna. It is now regarded by many as the most active and potent agency that exists in the world for the conservation of peace and the promotion of the doctrine of the wrongfulness of war. Congress is to be asked to extend a formal invitation and to appropriate \$50,000 for the entertainment of the distinguished foreign guests, leading members of all the parliaments of Europe.

While the meeting of the advocates of an arbitration treaty with England, similar to those lately negotiated between Great Britain and France and between France and Italy, was in progress in Washington, a number of its leading men were invited to meet a body of members of the House of Representatives in the House lobby at the Capitol to explain the nature of this Interparliamentary Union, and at that meeting thirty-eight members of Congress instituted a preliminary organization of an American branch or group. They were addressed by Mr. Thomas Barclay of London and Paris, one of the founders of the Union, and by the Hon. S. J. Barrows, once a member of Congress from this state and a Unitarian minister, who told of the Czar's message to the Union at its session in Christiania, acknowledging that he obtained his inspiration for calling the Peace Congress at The Hague which established the International Court of The Hague from the proceedings of this Union. Congressmen Hitt of Illinois, Hepburn of Iowa and Burton of Ohio made earnest speeches favoring arbitration as a means of preserving peace. The chairman of the meeting was Congressman Bartholdt of Missouri, and its secretary Congressman Broussard of Louisiana. A committee of five was appointed to draft a platform for the organization and to canvass the two branches of Congress for members. It is high time that the members of the American Congress favorable to the cause of peace should get in touch with these influential groups representing the parliaments of Europe.

The other meeting to which we referred is that of the International Peace Congress, which is to take place in the autumn. The date and place are not yet determined. The foremost advocates of peace in all countries are members of this congress, and it is expected that many of them will cross the ocean to be present, as several Americans were present last year at the meeting in Rouen. An effort will be made to have the meeting held in this city. [It has been decided that the Congress will be held in Boston the first week in October. — Ed.] A large general committee has been formed to make preparations, and an executive committee of twelve has also been appointed. Massachusetts is well represented on both committees.

These two international organizations meeting in America unquestionably will do much to promote public

interest in the cause of universal peace and of international arbitration as a substitute for costly, destructive, horrible wars.

The Brink of War.

From the Midland (England) Herald.

I rather think I have been guilty lately of entertaining a sneaking, half-conscious undercurrent of a wish for war on several occasions—first with regard to the threatened war between Turkey and Bulgaria, and then with regard to that between Russia and Japan. Probably others have, more or less consciously, been subject to a like temptation.

Some may even think the wish a good one. They may even think that a Balkan war is the only way now by which the Macedonian miseries can reach their end. And, in the Far East, some, assuming Russian aggression to be an evil which it is highly desirable to check, and thinking, or hoping, that Japan could by war check it, honestly believe—or, shall we say, venture to persuade themselves—that war is the best choice of evils.

Then again, war is always sensational, and we dearly love sensation, however much we may protest in print, or even in conversation, that we do not want war.

How, then, are we to counteract this tendency? In the case of the Far East trouble, of course, it is easy to point out the tremendous danger of widespread complications, such as another outbreak of the Chinese, bringing all the European powers into the embroilment, with ourselves—on which side? For or against the Asiatics? For or against our fellow Europeans?

But, however such considerations may give pause to statesmen and politicians, I think, if we are honest, we must confess that they rather tend to add piquancy to the thing for the ordinary man who is fond of excitement. I am afraid that is how I feel on the subject somewhere within my mind.

And so I have to resort to another method to convince myself of what a horrible, terrible thing this is—this war—that I am half inclined to hope for. This is what I do. I try to face the facts by an effort of imagination. I think of one of the most horrible, painful things I can imagine. I try to imagine my own brother lying gashed and helpless in agony through the day and night, perhaps several days and nights, perhaps with a heap of dead bodies weighing him down and preventing his moving. Now think of that happening to the nearest and dearest man or boy you know. What should we be ready to do to prevent its happening? What end should we think so desirable that we would deliberately bring it about through such means?

And yet war means that this will happen over and over again to people just as dear to some others as my brother is to me. And even, if possible, worse than this,—unspeakable sufferings and outrage to women. Think of it. Face it out. Those women will be mothers, sisters, wives of some one. Face it out in your imagination, and ask for what you are willing to pay such a price. For this is an almost certain accompaniment of war.

In the case of Macedonia you may say that such things are happening already and war would put a stop to them. But war would add to them deliberately, as it were, piling up horrors of a like nature to those you would abol-

ish. If war becomes "inevitable," it will be because those who had the chance of trying more excellent ways were too cowardly, or too lazy, or too stupid to use their more peaceful opportunities.

Then what about our feelings for the people immediately concerned—for instance, for the Japanese and Russians? I have met very few Japanese, and I have never been in Japan. I have met a number of Russians, I have been in Russia several times, and have a considerable affection for Russia and the Russians. This does not mean that I prefer the Russians to the Japanese, who are, I believe, a delightful people. But think of the gay, smiling, clever and beauty-loving Japanese and the good-natured, lusty and musical Russians, turned into raging demons rushing to slaughter one another—degrading themselves from the high purposes of merry life to which they are so well adapted, and stooping to countless savage, dark and mean practices!

Then, for whom shall we hope victory? I suppose we mostly think it will suit us better if the Japanese beat the Russians. Again I ask, What price are we willing to see paid?

Of this I feel sure,—as I read it, I think, throughout history,—bad as it is for a nation to be beaten in war, it is worse still for a nation to win a war. Victory and conquest has ever been the undoing of nations, the prelude of corruption and decay. Therefore it seems to me that to wish victory to a nation is to wish that nation ill.

And the real foes of a country are not they who are called its enemies. Amongst the real foes of Russia, who have led her into this crisis, I should class her clever and pushing diplomatists, such as M. Pavloff and Baron Rosen, and all those who forget or misread the real genius and the real interests of the real Holy Russia. This some of them probably perceive now and will still more later on. Just as some of us may be perceiving that our real enemies have not been the Boers, or even the pro-Boers, but those of our own people who think that our interests lie in gold and cheap labor, and those who are weak enough to be led by them.

A nation's foes are they of its own household, and the lack of courage, lack of conscience, lack of true insight, which cloud over its true genius and lead it to stray from its right path.

And it may be—though I do not think so—that before these lines appear in print the die will be cast, and two nations be loosed like wild beasts at each other's throats.

If war comes it will be but the natural outcome and expression of the false ideas we allow to guide us. But, speaking politically, it will be to the great shame of the men of our day, and especially of this country, although our ministers are evidently trying to keep the peace now. A few years ago our people were in a position to have prevented all this coming about. But our ignorance of our own mind and cowardly practice of running away from difficulties have gone on paving the way for ever greater and greater troubles. On our heads are the blood of thousands already slain, and, I fear, of thousands yet to be slain.

... It is reported from London that the British and French Foreign Offices are considering an early arrangement for the settlement of all matters in dispute between the two countries, such as Egypt, Morocco, etc.

War's Realities as Seen in a Balkan Camp.

The picture will never leave my memory. A great far-reaching cloud of snow in a mountain vale, a sparkle of quivering firelight here and there, a mass of death-dark pines front, flank, and rear, and, framing all, the Master Craftsman's mightiest masterpiece, the immutable mountains; the sentries coming and going like substance evolved out of shadows, and the ring of armed men within the circle of the fire, talking and listening to those who talked; the eager face of youth, the stern, inflexible face of age, grown gray in wars, the blazing eyes of lusty valor, and the sombre eyes of sullen, unquenchable hate. The stripling spent with wounds, with the blood not even dry upon the soiled bandages, lies where the strong, tender hands of his comrades in arms had laid him, just where the wind that whistled through the vale could least affect him, lying so that the cheerful warmth from the bivouac fire could wrap his aching body round in a mantle of coziness, and deaden the pain that caused his beardless lips to quiver like a girl's.

The shadows shift: the red blaze picked up by the night wind rips the darkness asunder, and I note the veteran lying with his face half to the cold earth. I note how his grizzled brows are bent, note the sweat that agony distills gather amid the lines upon his forehead until, bead by bead, they swell and mix and run down in living streams over the closed eyelids, and trickle across the seamed face into the beard, where the gray hairs outnumber the black. I look at the manly mouth, half hidden in the untrimmed hair, and see that from between the hard clenched lips a little stream of blood comes stealing every now and then, as a breath deeper than usual is drawn; and I know that man's harvester is at work. He makes no moan, but waits for his death as the brave men of all nations know how to await, and confront it. It is a grim and ghastly sight, a spectacle that all who shout for war should look upon and tremble; it is the sorrow that follows the sower of strife, a strong man dying of his wounds, with no woman's hand to touch the tortured nerves, no woman's gentleness to smooth the rough-edged track that leads to death.

Comrades who would have risked their lives to save him look on in utter helplessness, dumb as men are in such an hour as this with the dumbness of driven cattle—for this is war, not the gay, glittering thing that poets prate about, but the hard, unquestionable reality, the sweat, the agony, the loneliness of dissolution, when the soldier is almost front to front with his Maker and the world to him is a rolled-up scroll. It is one thing to die in the rush of the charge, with the rifle braced in hands that grip like steel, with the bayonet thrust out ready for the shock; to die with the crazy thrill of the onslaught rioting in every vein; to die with the maddening shout of charging comrades ringing in your ears and throbbing in your brain like the beat of war drums; to die with the echo of footsteps of a host vibrating on the last breath of air your lungs will ever draw. But it is another thing to die, as this man is dying now, slowly, inch by inch, unhelped and helpless. The firelight flickers and the shadows fall around him; his thoughts are away with the wife he left and the children he loved. I see the tears that creep out of the corners of his eyes and roll